DON'T EVER SAY IT AGAIN!!!!
Ooohhgh!
Oh, please.
Fine, be a coward. Go invisible.
I can still see you clear as day.

WHRRNNCCH
You know what your mistake was?
You had to get *ambitious*.
Started forming your big ***supercrime syndicate***. Maybe I would've never found you if not for that.
;Coff coff; ;ahhookk...;
Your creeps can't keep their mouths shut-- ***they*** leave massive trails all over the city.
Then I found out about your safehouse- ***pleasure palaces***. You move them around, but it was only a matter of time before I caught you going in.
JEMMA
POWELL

HOOD HIDEOUT...
--thinkin' of getting a new look.
Hey, Western is coming back, Ox. Besides, what ya gonna do, dress up like an animal?
Be one o' those pajama boys like the Rhino? Well well.
There goes Miss Personality, thinking she's all that.
Madame Masque's body *is* all that.
Shee-oot... there ain't thick enough beer goggles to get you past what's under that mask, though.
How do *you* know?
Yeah, only one here who's ever seen her face is Hood.
Because I *know.* No woman with a sweet face ever hides it. Just like with big clothes--if you *can't tell* whether a gal is fat or not, she is.
Why is H all over *that* action then if she's a hound dog?
You know half these chumps have a mask thang. All *about* the fetish.
Or maybe he likes that she doesn't *run her mouth* all the time.
Yeah, I could see--oh. S'up.

Oh. Yeah.
I thought we were past that, Parker...it was an accident, you never--
I ran into his wife.
She's all teched out, crazy hardware all over. She became a freak like them.
Or like a super hero, I guess. She's been tracking me down ever since and finally found me.
She almost put me in the ground tonight.
So what did you do? Did you...shoot her, too?
No, she fried my guns...could see me when I was invisible.
I had to let *him* in again.
Aw, *naw* man! You said you were going to stop that!
If I'd had another choice, don't you think I would have taken it?
I stopped him though. He--*it*--was going to drop her off a building but I pulled back. I'm still calling the shots.
For how long, man?
And you maybe shoulda let him do that. But I gotta say...
I don't know if you realize it, but you've been ***devilin' out*** in every big fight we've had lately.
You lecture me about booze, but this...
This is ***worse.***

Hey, mom...I brought some people to meet you finally.
ST. MARTIN'S CONVALESCENT HOME
Arthur?
No, mom, it's Parker. I wanted you to meet my... wife...
...this is Sara.
Hi.
And this is...
...this is your granddaughter. Breanne.
Oh, what a beautiful baby.
I have a baby too.

Mine is a little boy.
Hey there...hello, sweetie...
I thought that would get through to her...I don't understand.
Hey, at least you're making her comfortable--they're taking really good care of her here.
And thanks for finally bringing us to see her.
I couldn't show you the place she was before. Bridgeside was hell.
Here, they do therapy with her, try to stimulate her mind, but...
You're doing everything you can, Parker. I can't imagine how hard it would be to have my mom not remember...
...well.
So...off to work?
Yeah, but first I have to check out some supplies. Can you drop me off downtown?
Omigod... are we actually doing *normal couple stuff*?
I know. *Weird*, right?

DING
DING
We're closing in five minutes.
I won't be long, I just need to see a Miss Hellstrom.
Yes...you do need to see me, don't you?
Let's lock the door, I think we should have a real talk.
It's not every day the servant of Dormammu walks through my door.
And you can drop the formalities. Call me
SATANA
TO BE CONTINUED!